

SOURCES OF LOVE AND HATE

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(3;10) U.: " Will those be flowers in the summer ? " Yes.
What flowers ? *Wallflowers*. What colours will they be ?
Brown and red and yellow. Brown's & *funny* colour for flowers !

After discussing the Liberty bodices worn by a little girl at school: "Is my little brother or sister warm ? "

(3;10) U.: " What shall I do when my little brother or sister comes and sleeps in my room and cries and 'sturbs me ? "

(3;10) M.: *Look, U., here are some things for you to cut out for your scrap-book, little boys in pyjamas and little girls and babies*. U.: I want the girls but I don't want the boys. I don't like boys. They're not nice. They're not as nice as girls, are they ? *It depends on the boys, I think*. I like my Daddy 'cos he's a gentleman.

Before going to sleep. U.: " I want Daddy." Her mother repeated what she thought she heard her say: *You want one Daddy. One Daddy and one girl. One Daddy and one girl.* Soon there will be one Daddy and two children. And then there will be one Daddy and three and . . . / *don't know whether I shall make three*. Daddy could. *Yes, Daddy could, but I should have to help him*. Why ? *Well, I'd have to keep the baby in my tummy*. How does Daddy plant the seed, Mummy ? *Oh, U., I must think of a way to explain it. It's a hard thing to explain*. Yes, but *how*, Mummy, *how* ? *Where does he keep the seed ? In his underneaths*. Why ? *Oh, it's a good place to keep it*. How does he plant it ? *He just puts it in*. Where ? *In my underneaths*. How does he ? *He just pushes it in*. And then I keep it in my tummy, and when it's ready it comes out and it's a baby and then it grows into a boy or girl and then into a man or woman. And then they have babies !

And that's how it goes on ! (in a jolly voice as though reciting the end of " The house that Jack built ").

(3;n) At breakfast-time, U. was eating and watching her mother to see whose mouth was empty first. Hers was. She said, " Mine's gone." Her mother pinched

her tummy and
 said, " There!" She said, " What's in my
 tumrny, only
 food ? " " What's in yours ? Mixed ? Baby
 and food ?
 " I wish . . . How is the seed planted ? You
 did tell me.
 But how is it made ? " *It grows inside Daddy.*
 Why does it ?
Well it has to start somewhere. Well, it could grow
 in the garden.
In the garden seeds of plants grow, not seeds of
babies. Well, it
 could, with others, and then you could pick out
 the seed of
 baby and plant it. (The suggestion was, her
 mother thought,
 " in its usual human surroundings ".)
 U.: " My little brother or sister might come in
 March or
 April, mightn't it ? We can't be sure. Or
 perhaps in summer.
 I would like it in summer."